

**AUTHOR OF "LITTLE DROPS OF WATER,"
CELEBRATES EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY**



Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Mrs. Julia A. Fletcher Carney, author of the famous poem, "Little Things," recently celebrated her eightieth birthday at her home in Galesburg, Ill. She wrote the poem in 1845, when she was a school teacher in Boston, and her object in writing it was to help her pupils understand the value of little things. A few years later the poem had been translated into many languages, and generations have recited and sung it in all the civilized countries of the world. Mrs. Carney's husband, who was a Universalist minister, died at Galesburg in 1871.

POORHOUSE TO PARLIAMENT.

Labor Candidate Who Won a Notable Victory in London.

Political preferment awaits the man of ability in England as well as in this country. This is shown by the recent election in the Woolwich division of London, where William Crooks, labor candidate for Parliament, defeated his opponent, Geoffrey Drage, Unionist, by a majority of over 3,000 although the constituency has for many years been regarded safely Unionist by a majority of nearly 3,000. The election of Mr. Crooks is a victory for the labor vote, which has caused the London Times to say: "The election means that the specter that has hypnotized the continental governments has shown itself at last among ourselves."



Crooks was born in 1852 and spent a portion of the early years of his life in the poorhouse at Poplar. After leaving this institution he worked at odd jobs until he was 14, when he was apprenticed to a cooper. As late as 1878 he tramped from London to Liverpool in search of work. He was then in the greatest poverty, but before that had he engaged actively in trade agitations. He worked hard for the dockers in the great London dock strike and became chairman of the Poplar Board of Guardians and other local bodies. Subsequently he was elected mayor of Poplar—the first labor mayor ever elected in England. He then became a member of the London County Council and has since been supported by his fellow workmen.

Mr. Crooks is a man of the John Burns type. He is a ready speaker, a skilled politician and a well-posted social economist. He neither drinks nor smokes, but devotes all his time to his duties and to self improvement. His selection has greatly strengthened the labor party in England, impressing upon it the value and necessity of solidarity. During the South African war Mr. Crooks was an advocate of the Boer side and strongly denounced the action of the British government.

RANK OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

In Point of Architecture It Is in a Class by Itself.

One moonlight night in June, 1902, while strolling through the grounds with Charles F. McKim, one of the members of the Park Commission, we seated ourselves on one of those mounds which tradition ascribes to John Quincy Adams's taste in landscape architecture. That afternoon crowds of people arrayed in joyous costumes befitting the semi-tropics had come from the hot city to rest under the trees and listen to the Saturday concert of the Marine Band. The musicians, clad in white duck, were located in a little depression, so that the sound of the music rolled up the slopes to the attentive audience.

A year before we had observed the same effect at Versailles; and both the similarities and the differences of the two pictures were being discussed as we sat in the quiet night, behind the

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stay.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy
Like the heaven above.

locked gates, where not a sound from the city streets broke the grateful noise of water splashing in the fountains. On the high portico the President sat amid a group of dinner guests, and the lights of their cigars were "echoed" by the drowsy fireflies flitting about the grounds, only the brilliantly lighted windows of the secretary's office even suggesting the workaday world. The moonlight, shining full on the White House, revealed the harmonious lines of its graceful shape.

"Tell me," I asked the architect, "among the great houses that have been built during recent years in the general style of the White House—many of them larger and much more costly—is there any that, in point of architecture, surpasses it?"

"No; there is not one in the same class with it," he replied deliberately—a judgment confirmed later under the noonday sun.—Century.

Zestful Frankness.
Unexpected frankness now and then gives a special zest to the humor of a situation in Congress. When "Gabe" Bonck was the representative from the Oshkosh district of Wisconsin, a pension bill came before the House, to his great vexation of spirit; for, while his personal convictions were directly opposed to it, his political interests were strong enough to whip him into line. On the day the bill came up for final disposal a fellow-member met Bonck in the space behind the last row of seats, walking back and forth and gesticulating excitedly, bringing his clenched right fist down into the hollow of his left hand, to the accompaniment of epithets which would hardly look well in print.

"What's the trouble, Gabe?" inquired his friend. "Why all this excitement?"

"Trouble?" snorted the irate law maker. "Trouble enough! That pension bill is up, and all the cowardly nincompoops in the House are going to vote for it. It's sure to pass—sure to pass."

"But why don't you get the floor and speak against it—try to stop it?" suggested the other.

"Try to stop it? Why, I'm one of the cowardly nincompoops myself!"—Century.

How a Snake Moves.
Now any one who has looked at the skeleton of a snake—and it is really a very beautiful object—will have been struck by the great number of ribs which may be as many as ten hundred and fifty pairs. In these lies the secret of the ability of the serpent to do some of these wonderful things. The lower end of each rib is connected with one of the broad scales that run along the under side of a snake, and when a rib is twisted slowly backward, it pushes on the scale, the edge of the scale catches on the ground or what ever object his snakeship may be resting on, and the body of the snake is pushed just a little bit forward. Of course, each rib moves the body but a mere trifle; but where the ribs are so many, and they are moved one after another, the result is that the snake moves slowly but steadily ahead.—St. Nicholas.

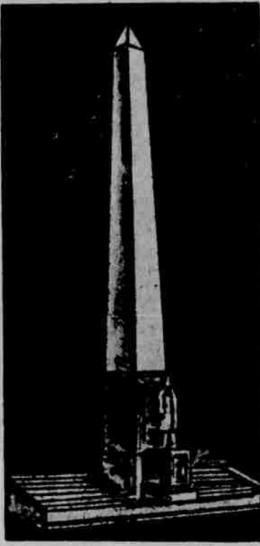
It is difficult to find a man who reaches his grave without becoming a danger sign to those around him.

A MAGNIFICENT MEMORIAL.

Philadelphia's Tribute to McKinley Will Be Unique.

Of the numerous monuments which are to be erected to the memory of President McKinley, few, if any, will be more worthy of admiration than the one which is to stand in beautiful Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia. Others will be more ornate, more costly, but none, perhaps, will be grander in its simplicity, or inspire in the bolder deeper feelings of patriotism and civic virtue, or more genuine reverence for the man whose deeds it commemorates. The monument alone will cost \$25,000; the beautifying work on the grounds will bring the cost much higher.

Mr. Lopez's model represents a granite obelisk 65 feet in height, standing upon a pedestal of like material, with granite or marble steps on either side, the site being gently sloping ground in front of the Memorial building in Fairmount Park. The monument, as planned, will be erected on



THE MCKINLEY MONUMENT.

the terrace, about 200 feet from the front entrance to the Memorial building. Beautiful shade trees surround the plaza there, and there are a number of statues and groups of statuary at various points. The locality is admirably adapted to the proper display of such a monument as Mr. Lopez has designed.

A colossal and life-like representation of Mr. McKinley, in bronze, will be the great feature of the monument. Beautiful shade trees surround the plaza there, and there are a number of statues and groups of statuary at various points. The locality is admirably adapted to the proper display of such a monument as Mr. Lopez has designed.

Behind the statue, on the front or the base of the shaft, will be figures in bronze, symbolical of grief and immortality, and above the figures the name "McKinley."

Upon either side of the base will be simple wreaths, one of laurel, hung beneath an inscription showing the year of Mr. McKinley's birth, the other of immortality, beneath the chiseled figures giving the year of his death. On the rear of the base will be a quotation from the address delivered at Canton by President Roosevelt, on the occasion of the late President's funeral.

THIS CAT IS A HUNTER.

Feline in Pennsylvania "Points" and Retrieves Like a Dog.

A cat that delights in the chase, a cat that "points" and retrieves, is the latest curiosity to cross the path of the wondering sportsman of Chester, Pa.

Michael Kenney, a gardener, on the old Denis estate near Chester, is the owner of Tom, and he it was who discovered and developed pussy's talent for the chase. Tom since his kitten days has been the companion of his master, following him in his rambles over the countryside when permitted to do so. Kenney is an enthusiastic huntsman, and it happened that Tom, the cat, was allowed to follow the man behind the gun on a hunting expedition early in the present season.

Kenney had not been out long until he became aware that Tom was manifesting a keen interest in the proceedings. Finally when Kenney brought down a pheasant the big spotted cat leaped from cover and seizing the bird neatly by the neck brought him to his master and laid him down. No trained dog ever performed a neater bit of retrieving.

Kenney proceeded then to develop Tom's talent, until to-day, the cat is an adept in all the arts of the chase. He points superbly and in following a scent he displays an instinct equalled by few dogs.

Kenney recently shot a bird that fell into a pond. Knowing the natural aversion of cats to water, he expected nothing of Tom on that occasion. But Tom seems to have abandoned much of feline sophistry. Into the water he leaped and in a trice the bird was at the feet of the gunner, while a very wet cat was industriously engaged in making his toilet on a sunny log.

Philadelphia huntsmen who have gone out to see this wonderful cat, says a Chester correspondent of the New York World, agree that his services equal those of any dog. Kenney has been offered fancy prices for the cat, but he declares that the kind of money that will part him from Tom has not yet been coined.

Never get between a dog and his bone or between a man and his hobby.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Sound Minds in Sound Bodies.

COMMENTING upon and commending the intention of the new Teachers' College to educate its matriculants in the rules of health so that they may impart the knowledge to their pupils, the editor of American Medicine says:

"It is not merely the rules of hygiene that are needed, nor the ordinary course in school physiology. Personal hygiene is applied physiology, but a proper understanding of certain elemental truths of human physiology must be acquired before they can be applied. Knowledge of the normal functions of the body and the simple methods of keeping them in healthy action is the one thing that no educated person should be excused from possessing; yet most of our children reach maturity without parental or scholastic instruction in the most elemental matters of health."

It does seem strange with all our educational progress that we are over the threshold of the twentieth century before this addition to our school curriculum is made. Herbert Spencer in his "Essay on Education" put the query, "What knowledge is of the most worth?" forty years ago, and his answer should be written in letters of gold on the walls of every schoolhouse in the land: "As vigorous health and accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatsoever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that should yield in moment to no other whatever."

These words are as true to-day as when they were uttered by the author of "Principles of Psychology." It was one of the many illustrations of his wonderful perspicuity, and deserves the earnest consideration of every educator.—New York Press.

Decay of Military Prestige.

IN HIS chapter on "Militarism and Its Nemesis," the late M. Bloch contends with eminent truth that the conditions of war are such in modern times that "military life is much less attractive than it was of old, and in the course of a few years will be even less attractive." The military profession does not enjoy the privileges it once did; it is losing both its prestige and its power in most civilized lands. The complex requirements of modern life and the higher scale of living enjoined by modern society, the larger emphasis placed upon the humanities in our day, upon intellectual attainments and rewards of industrial and commercial enterprise—all these things are turning the thoughts and ambitions of men away from militarism and its uncertain and inadequate compensations. Improvements in war, engineering, the use of smokeless powder, dynamite guns and other death-dealing agencies have immensely increased the risks and dangers of war without any compensating advantages in the shape of added pay or glory. War has taken upon itself a character more mechanical than knightly. Battles fought where men never come within miles of each other, where there is no smoke and no sound of bugles nor roll of drums, are far less likely to give occasion for those feats of arms and the valorous deeds of individual men that fill so large a part of the story of war in past ages. And stripped of such accessories and seen in its true aspect, in all its hideous reality, war must soon lose all the charm with which legend and romance have invested it. Appearing in proper aspect as "hell" on earth, and nothing less, it will be shunned as it ought to be by all civilized and enlightened men, and only remain at the last as a frightful dream, a horrid memory in the minds of the race.—Leslie's Weekly.

Life in a Rut.

ONE of the serious features of life in a rut is the fact that judgment is impaired. Allowing the mind always to dwell upon one subject and keeping the attention always fixed in one direction destroys the power to draw correct conclusions and leads to the adoption of distorted and peculiar ideas. The sense of proportion is lost. "They who always labor can have no true judgment," says Burke. Those who get deeply fixed in a rut almost always become more or less "queer" as they grow older. This impairment of the judgment and one-

HE PREPARED FOR BURGLARS.

He Had an Ingenious Phonograph Arrangement to Scare Them Away.

"I had been keeping bachelor's hall while my wife was away," sadly remarked the man whose wife had been in the country. "Of course, it was generally late when I turned in at night, and, as we had been a good deal worried by sneak thieves in my part of the city, I was afraid they might make a raid during my absence. So I set my wits to work. First I rented a phonograph with a megaphone attachment. Then I got a husky-voiced friend to talk into the machine. His talk, which was delivered at the top of his voice, was mostly about calling the police, having the drop on some one, firing a revolver, and other conversation calculated to make a burglar think he had gone against the real game."

"After I had the phonograph nicely loaded I made a test of it. I'm free to confess that burglar who heard it would be worse frightened than if he stumbled on to a reserve squad of policemen."

"I put the loaded phonograph up in our flat, and connected it with strings and wires so that if any one who didn't know just how to work the combination tried to force any of the doors he would start the machine on its line of strong-arm conversation. I figured that no burglar would wait to see what the man with the husky voice would actually do. No, that burglar would have immediate business in the street. Our apartments were safe, and I felt mighty proud of my neat little contrivance."

"Maybe one or more burglars went against my phonograph protection game; if they did they fled without leaving any traces. But about a week my wife decided to return, and incidentally to bring her mother with her. She didn't intend to reach the city until late in the evening, so sent me a telegram addressed to our apartments instead of at my office. Of course, fate willed it that I should dine at a restaurant and go direct from there to the theater, not reaching home until late."

"In the meantime my wife arrived at the station. There was no one to meet her, but as she had her key and thought the telegram had missed me, that didn't worry her much. Accompanied by her mother she went home in a cab, took out her key, and started to enter our apartments. Right at this point the trouble in large quantities broke out.

"The key didn't work very well, and she must have given the door a little shake. That started the loaded burglar-protection phonograph. In an instant there was a roar:

"Police! Police! Get out of here or I'll shoot. Thieves! Murder!"

"It was enough to give any woman the fright of her life. My wife had good pluck, though, and didn't faint, although I'm certain she would if she had not had her mother with her, whom she felt she must protect. Somehow they managed to get down the stairs and arouse the janitor. And all the time the roaring phonograph was letting out a series of threats calculated to curdle the blood of the bravest burglar, let alone two frightened women."

"The janitor, accompanied by a policeman with a drawn revolver, made an investigation and solved the mystery," continued the narrator, according to the New York Times. "They thought it was a big joke. In fact, it was their jovial attitude that gave my wife and mother-in-law their suspicions. When I finally reached home that night I found them in a half hysterical state, and an iceberg would have been warm compared with the greeting I received.

"There is still somewhat of a chilly atmosphere in the household."

sided way of looking at things leads to the adoption of hobbies and weird and extreme doctrines. This is one of the reasons for the prevalence of isms and queer theories. Many of those who adopt them, even though successful in business or professional life, have lived so long in limited or restricted channels that their judgment in matters outside becomes impaired. Their views are narrow and restricted and their lives run along a single channel. If by chance they make an excursion outside of it, their knowledge of the country is so limited that they are apt to get lost, and either become mired in some bog of superstition or are taken in by some community of fanatics.—World's Work.

Noises in the City and Country.

CONSIDERING the commercial value of comfort and the tendency to do away with friction wherever possible, it is a matter of surprise that communities—especially big cities—do not endeavor to suppress unnecessary noise.

It is true that a step forward has been made in the way of asphalted pavements and rubber tires, but this is only a step. We still have the unpeppable screech of the trolley, the slipping or iron-shod horses upon rails and smooth-worn stones, the clanging of futile gongs, the inevitable barrel-organ grinding out piano passages in fortissimo at wrong tempo and one-eighth off the key. We still have the church bell so perversely discordant that even the orthodox begin to doubt the sanctity of wild alarms as a prelude to the service of the Lord. All these we have, and more.

The country is no more sacred than the town. The scream of the factory whistle finds an echo in the scream of the locomotive. The wounded air is rent momentarily, and the nervous man stops his ears and gives up a fraction of vitality, and works on under the unnecessary handicap; and the nervous woman, in her patient way, tries not to hear and also works on. The well people try to get used to it, and the sick give an extra moan and turn on their hot pillows. And on go the noises!—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Saving Workman a Capitalist.

THE workman who is a savings bank depositor is in a very real sense a proprietor. His money is used to build and extend railroads and factory plants precisely as it would be if he were a shareholder. Usually, he could not very well become a shareholder, for while his savings bank will accept deposits from \$1 up, he would have to put by \$100 before he could buy even a single share of stock—exposed all the time to the temptation to spend the money. If it be objected that he receives but three and one-half per cent. interest from his savings bank, while choice industrial preferred stock would yield him twice that amount, the answer is that on the average and as a class savings bank depositors get as high an interest return as investors in corporate shares. It is the theory of savings bank laws that the wage earner must be absolutely sure of his principal. For that reason the range of savings banks investments is strictly limited. He could have no such security in any capital stock investments, involving a loss which he could ill afford to bear.—New York Times.

The Passing of Steam.

INCH by inch the field is contested, and slowly, sullenly, the locomotive is giving way before the insistent trolley. A dozen years ago it was only the car horse and cable in the towns that were threatened by electric traction. Then the trolley poked an inquiring tentacle over the city limits into the suburbs. The results were satisfactory, and swiftly the electric lines flung their spider filaments from town to town, until now great sections of the country are cobwebbed with them. The trolley map of eastern Massachusetts looks as complete as the steam railroad map. If you have a little time to spare you can go on an electric car to almost any part of southern New England that you could reach by a locomotive, and to a good many parts that you could not.—McClure's Magazine.

"John, pay the doctor before he goes; you know how I feel about that. I am always sick longer if we let a doctor's bill run on."

"Although I ridiculed the idea, the sick woman persisted, and the little debt was discharged on the spot. In the evening a highly nervous lady of cheerful spirits—a business woman—came bustling into my office and ejaculated:

"Oh, doctor, give me something for my fits. I'm dreadfully run down. I hear door-bells ring when they don't ring and I see black cats out of the corner of my eye when there are no cats of any kind in the house."

"I made out some sedative powders, and when I handed them to the excitable patient she said:

"I'm not going to pay for this medicine, doctor. I've always noticed that when I don't owe you anything I'm sure to get sick. While I have a little debt hanging over me I feel that I can't afford to collapse until it is paid. You needn't laugh, doctor; it is so. I'm going to make a little bill now, and see if I can't get rid of doorbells in my head and black cats in my optic nerve."

"These are only specimen instances," concluded the doctor. "The world is full of people who have queer superstitions about taking medicine and paying doctors' bills."

Gounded the Man.
Gounded was one of the most fascinating men I have ever met. His manner had a charm that was irresistible, and his kind eyes, as soft and melting as a woman's, would light up with a smile now tender, now humorous, that fixed itself ineffaceably upon the memory. He could speak English fairly well, but preferred his own language, in which he was a brilliant conversationalist; and he could use to advantage a fund of keen, ready wit. He was at this time influenced by a recrudescence of that religious mysticism which had strongly characterized his youthful career; but his tone, though earnest and thoughtful when he was dwelling upon his art, could brighten up with the lightness and gaiety of a true Parisian.—Century.

Stiffness and loneliness are, after all, the two great griefs of old age.

PAYING THE DOCTOR.

Superstition Differently Affected Two Patients.

"Nothing is more curious than the different ideas people have about owing the doctor," remarked a good-looking, middle-aged physician, according to the Detroit Free Press. "Only to-day I encountered two singular manifestations of what might be called 'superstitions' concerning sickness. At one house the lady who was in bed murmured to her husband: